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LIFE and DEATH
OF
KING HENRY
THE EIGHTH.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.



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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

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W. C H E T W O O D, Prompter to His
Majesty's Company of Comedians at
the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.



PROLOGUE.

I Come no more to make you laugh; things now
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes, as draw the eye to flow,
We shall present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, (and so agree,
The play may pass) if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play;
A noise of targets; or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow;
Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle bearers, know
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, (besides forfeiting
Our own brains, and th' opinion that we bring
To make that only true we now intend)
Will leave us ne'er an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness sake, as you are known
The first and happiest bearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye. Think ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living: think you see them grate,
And follow'd with the gen'r'l throng, and sweat
Of thousand friends; Then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

Dramatis Personæ.

K I N G Henry the Eighth,
Cardinal Wolsey, his first Minister and Favourite.
Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.
Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Suffolk.
Earl of Surrey.
Lord Chamberlain.
Cardinal Campeius, the Pope's Legat.
Capucius, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles the Fifth.
Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.
Lord Abergavenny.
Lord Sands.
Sir Henry Guildford.
Sir Thomas Lovell.
Sir Anthony Denny.
Sir Nicholas Vaux.
Cromwell, first Servant to Wolsey, afterwards to the King.
Griffith, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.
Three Gentlemen.
Dr. Butts, Physician to the King.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
Porter and his Man.

Queen Katharine, first Wife to King Henry, afterwards Divorc'd.
Anne Bullen, belov'd by the King, and afterwards married to him.
An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.
Patience, Woman of the Bed-Chamber to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb Shears. Women attending upon the Queen. Spirits which appear to her. Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies mostly in LONDON



The LIFE of HENRY VIII.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one door: at the other the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Abergavenny.

BUCKINGHAM.

OOD morrow, and well met. How have you done since last we saw y'na France?
Nor. I thank your Grace:
Healthful, and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Staid me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those þ suns of glory, those two lights of men
Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was ther present, saw 'em salute on horse-back,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have
weigh'd.

þ sons.

A. 3

Such.

Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say
'Till this time pomp was single, but now marry'd
To one above it self. Each following day
Became the next day's master, 'till the last
Made former wonders, its. To-day the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods
Shone downe the English; and to-morrow they
Made Britain, India: every man that stood,
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As Cherubins, all gilt; the Madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting. Now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable; and th' ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two Kings
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise; and being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one, and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns,
(For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds, challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass, that old fabulous story
(Being now seen possible enough) got credit;
That * Bevis was believ'd.

Buck. Oh, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour, honesty; the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to.

Buck. All was royal;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view. The office did
Distinctly his full function. Who did guide,
I mean who set the body and the limbs
OF

* The old romantic legend of Bevis of Southampton.

Of this great sport together, as you guesse?

Nor. One sure, that promises no \dagger element
In such a busyness.

Buck. Pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right rev'rend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him: no man's pye is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a \ddagger ketch can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o'th' beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Yet surely Sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends.
For being not propt by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to th' crown, neither ally'd
To eminent assistants; but spider like
Out of his self-drawn web; this gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way,
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the King.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heav'n hath giv'n him; let some graver eye
Pierce into that: but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him; whence has he that,
If not from hell? the devil is a niggard,
Or has giv'n all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o'th' King, t'appoint
Who should attend him? he makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: And his own letter
(The honourable board of council our)

\dagger no rudiment or beginning.

\ddagger ketch, from the Italian Caicchio, signifying a Tub,
Barrel, or Hogshead. Skinner.

King HENRY VIII.

Must fetch in him he * papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey. What did this great vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the *French* and us, not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and not consulting, broke
Into a general prophesie; that this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboaded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out:
For *France* hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants goods at *Bourdeaux*.

Aber. Is it therefore
Th' ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry is't.
Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why all this busines
Our rev'rend Cardinal carried.

Nor. Like it your Grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you
(And take it from a heart that wishes you
Honour and plenteous safety) that you read
The Cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that

What
* *be* papers, a verb; *His own letter, by his own single
authority and without the concurrence of the Council, must
fetch in Him whom be papers down.* I don't understand
it, unless this be the meaning.

King Henry VIII.

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What he's high-hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his pow'r. You know his nature.
That he's revengful; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge: It's long, and may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning.

S C E N E II.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the purse born before him, certain of the guard, and two secretaries with papers; the Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?
Where's his examination?

Secr. Here, so please you,

Wol. Is he in person ready?

Secr. Ay, an't please your Grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more,
And Buckingham shall lessen this big look.

[Exeunt Cardinal and his train.]

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the pow'r to muzzle him, therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood,

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temp'rance, that's th' appliance only
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in's looks
Matter against me, and his eye revil'd
Me as his abject object; at this instant
He bores me with some trick, he's gone to th' King;
I'll follow and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choleric question
What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,

Self-mettle tires him : not a man in *England*
Can advise me, like you : be to your self
As you wouldest to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the King,
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim.
There's diff'rence in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd ;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe your self. We may out-run
By violent swiftness, that which we run at ;
And lose by over-running : know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor 'till't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it : be
Advis'd I say again, there is no *English*
Soul stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I'm thankful to you, and I'll go along
By your prescription ; but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions ; by intelligence
And proofs as clear as founts in *July*, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To th' King I'll say't, and make my vouch as
strong
As thore of rock — attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both (for he is equal rav'nous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform't) his mind and place
Infecting one another ; yea reciprocally,
Only to shew his pomp, as well in *France*
As here at home, suggests the King our master
To this last costly treaty, th' interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i'th' rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

King HENRY VIII.

II

Buck. Pray give me favour, Sir —— this cunning Cardinal

The articles o'th' combination drew
As himself pleas'd; and they were 'ratify'd
As he cry'd, let it be —— to as much end,
As give a crutch to th' dead, But out * Court-Cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well — for worthy *Wolsey*,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To th' old dam, treason) *Charles the Emperor*,
Under pretence to see the Queen his aunt,
(For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper *Wolsey*) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and *France*, might through their amity
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Prep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily
Deals with our Cardinal, and as I trow;
Which I do well — for I am sure the Emperor
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold; the Emp'ror thus desir'd,
That he would please to alter'the King's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the King know,
(As soon he shall by me) that thus the Cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him! and could wish you were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

S C E N E III.

Enter Brandon, a serjeant at arms before him, and two
or three of the guard.

Bran. Your office, Serjeant; execute in

Serj.

* count.

Serf. Sir,

My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hertford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most Sov'reign King.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perisla
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ra'en from liberty, to look on
The busin's present. 'Tis his Highnes' pleasure
You shall to th' Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whit'st part black. The will of heav'n
Be done in this and all things: I obey.
O my lord Aberganny, fare ye well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. The King
Is pleas'd you shall to th' Tower, 'till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the Duke said,
The will of heav'n be done, and the King's pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, t'attach Lord Montague, and the bodies
Of the Duke's confessor, John de la Car,
And Gilbert Peck, his chancellor.

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o'th' plot: no more, I hope?

Bran. A monk o'th' Chartreux,

Buck. Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false, the o'er-great Cardinal
Hath shew'd him gold; my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure ev'a this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun. My lord, farewell. [Exe.]

SCENE IV.

Cornet. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder; the Nobles and Sir Thomas Lovel; the Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his right side.

King. MY life it self, and the best heart of it,
M. Thanks you for this great care. I stand
i'ch' level
Of a full-charg'd confed'racy, and give thanks
To you that choak'd it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's in person,
I'll hear him his confessions justifie,
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

A noise, with crying, Room for the Queen. Usher'd by
the Duke of Norfolk, Enter the Queen, Norfolk and
Suffolk; she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes
her up, kisses and placeth her by him.

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.
King. Arise, and take place by us; half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety ere you ask is given;
Repeat your will and take it.

Queen. Thank your Majesty.
That you would love your self, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen. I am sollicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance. There have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties; wherein although [Te Wolsey,

(My

(My good lord Cardinal) they vent reproaches
 Most bitterly on you as putter on
 Of these exactions, yet the King our master
 (Whose honour heav'n shield from foil) escapes not
 Language unmannerly; yea such which breaks
 The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
 In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
 It doth appear; for upon these taxations,
 The clothiers all, not able to maintain
 The many to them longing, have put off
 The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who
 Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
 And lack of other means, in desp'r'ate manner
 Daring th' event to th' teeth, are all in uproar,
 And danger serves among them.

King. Taxation? Wherein? and what taxation? my lord Cardinal,
 You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
 Knew you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, Sir,
 I know but of a single part in ought
 Pertains to th' state, and front but in that file
 Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my lord,
 You know no more than others: but you frame
 Things that are known alike, which are not wholsome
 To those which would not know them, and yet must
 Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
 (Whereof my Sov'reign would have note) they are
 Most pestilent to th' hearing; and to bear 'em,
 The back is sacrifice to th' load; they say,
 They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer
 Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction!
 The nature of it, in what kind let's know
 In this exaction!

Queen. I am much too vent'rous
 In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd
 Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects grief

Comes

Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd.
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd your wars in France. This makes bold mouths,
Tongues split their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; All their curses now
Live where their pray'rs did; and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your Highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer baseness.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice, and that not past me but
By learned approbation of the judges.
If I'm traduc'd by tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing; let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake.
That virtue must go through: we must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censures; whichever,
As rav'nous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, or weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd: what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up
For our best act: if we stand still, in fear
Our motion will be mock'd or carped at,
We should take root here where we sit:
Or sit state-statues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear:
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,

And

King HENRY VIII.

And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each!
 A trembling contribution! —— why we take
 From ev'ry tree, lop, bark, and part o'th' timber:
 And though we leave it with a root thus hacket,
 The air will drink the sap. To ev'ry country
 Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
 Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
 The force of this commission; pray look to't,
 I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. [To the Secretary.
 Let there be letters writ to ev'ry shire
 Of the King's grace and pardon: The griev'd commons
 Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
 That through our intercession, this revokement
 And pardon comes; I shall anon advise you
 Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.

S C E N E V.

Enter Surveyor.

Queen. I'm sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
 Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many;
 The gentleman is learn'd, a most rare spe ker,
 To nature none more bound, his training such,
 That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
 And never seek for aid out of himself.
 Yet see, when noble benefits shall prove
 Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
 They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
 Than ever they were fair. This man so complear,
 Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we
 Almost with lift'ning ravish'd could not find
 His hour of speech, a minute; he, my lady,
 Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
 That once were his, and is become as black
 As if besmear'd in hell. Sir, you shall hear
 (This was his gentleman intrust) of him
 Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount
 To fore-recited practices, whereof

We

King HENRY VIII.

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We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate, what you,
Most like a careful Subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, ev'ry day
It would infect his speech, that if the King
Should without issue die, he'd carry't so
To make the scepter his. These very words,
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberganny, to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the Cardinal.

Wol. Please your Highness, note
His dangerous conception in this point:
Not friended by his wish to your high person,
His will is most malignant, and it stretches
Beyond you to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd lord Cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on;
How grounded he his title to the crown
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him.
At any time speak ought?

Surv. He was brought to this,
By a vain prophesie of Nicolas Hopkins.

King. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux Friar,
His confessor, who fed him ev'ry minute
With words of Sov'reignty.

King. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your Highness sped to France,
The Duke being at the Rose, within the parish
St. Lawrence Poultry, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey? I reply'd,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious
To the King's danger: presently the Duke
Said, 'twas the fear indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy Monk, that oft, says he,

Hath

Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car my chaplain, a choice hour
 To hear from him a matter of some moment:
 Who (after under the commission's seal
 He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
 My chaplain to no creature living but
 To me should utter) with demure confidence
 Thus pausingly ensu'd; Neither the King, nor's heirs
 (Tell you the Duke) shall prosper, bid him strive
 To gain the love o'th' commonalty, the Duke
 Shall govern *England*. —————

Queen. If I know you well,
 You were the Duke's surveyor, and lost your office
 On the complaint o'th' tenants; take good heed
 You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
 And spoil your noble soul; I say take heed;
 Yes, heartily I beseech you.

King. Let him on.
 Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
 I told my lord the Duke, by th' devil's illusions
 The Monk might be deceiv'd, and that 'twas dang'rous.
 For him to ruminate on this, until
 It forg'd him some design, (which, being believ'd,
 It was much like to do) he answer'd, Tush,
 It can do me no damage: adding further,
 That had the King in his last sickness fail'd,
 The Cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
 Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what so rank? ah ha —————
 There's mischief in this man; canst thou say further?

Sur. I can, my Liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
 After your Highness had reprov'd the Duke
 About Sir William Blomer —————

King. I remember.
 Of such a time, he being my sworn servant,
 The Duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?

Surv. If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,

As

As to the Tower, I thought ; I would have plaid
The part my father meant to act upon.
Th' usurper Richard, who being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in's presence; which, if granted,
(As he made semblance of his duty) would
Have put his knife into him.

King. A giant traitor !

Wol. Now, Madam, may his Highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison ?

Queen. God mend all,

King. There's something more would out of thee;
what say'st ?

Surv. After the Duke his father with the knife,
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenour
Was, were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us : he is attach'd,
Call him to present tryal ; if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his ; if none,
Let him not seek't of us : by day and night
He's traitor to the height.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Sands.

Cham. Is't possible the spells of France should joggle
Men into such strange mysteries ?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the last voyage, is but meerly
A fit or two o'th' face, but they are shrewd ones ;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their

Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They're all new legs, and lame ones; one
would take it.

(That never saw 'em pace before) the spavin
And spring-halt reign among 'em.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their cloaths are after such a pagan cut too,
That sure they've worn out Christendom: how now?
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clap'd upon the court gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk and tailors.

Cham. I'm glad 'tis there; now I would pray our
Monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants
Of fool and feather, that they got in France;
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fire-works;
Abusing better men than they can be
Out of a foreign wisdom, clean renouncing
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short bolster'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men —
Or pack to their old-fellows; there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag-end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physick, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Ley. Ay, marry,

There

King HENRY VIII.

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There will be woe indeed, lords; the fly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies:

A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em; I'm glad they're going,
For sure there's no converting 'em: now Sirs,
An honest country Lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain song,
And have an hour of hearing, and by'r lady
Held currant musick too.

Cham. Well said, lord Sands,
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet?

Sands. No, my lord,
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither are you going?

Lov. To the Cardinal's:
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. The churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed;
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us,
His dew falls ev'ry where.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord, h'as wherewithal in him;
Sparing would shew a worse than ill doctrine.
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They're set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones: my barge stays;
Your lordship shall along: come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else, which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guilford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I'm your lordship's, [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Then enter Anne Bullen, and divers other Ladies and gentlemen, as guests at one door; at another door, enter Sir Henry Guilford.

Guil. Ladies, a gen'ral welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all: this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry,
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands and Lovell.

O my lord, y're tardy;
The very thoughts of this fair company
Clap'd wings to me.

Cham. You're young, Sir Harry Guilford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the Cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested;
I think would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these.

Sands. I would I were,
They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit: Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His Grace is entring; nay you must not freeze:
Two women plac'd together make cold weather:
My lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet ladies;

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me:
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, Sir?

Sands. O very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He'd kill you twenty with a breath.

Cham. Well said, my lord:
So now y're fairly seated: gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cue,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes
his state.

Wol. Y'are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady
Or gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my friend. This to confirm my welcome,
And to you all good health.

Sands. Your Grace is noble:
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you; cheer your neighbour:
Ladies, you are not merry; gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord, then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You're a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play:
Here's to your ladyship, and pledge it, madam:
For 'tis to such a thing——

Anne. You cannot shew me.

Sands. I told your Grace that they would talk anon.

[Drum and trumpets, chambers discharged,

Wel. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye.

Wil. What warlike voice,

And

And to what end is this? nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war y're privileged.

Enter a Servant.

Cham. How now, what is't?

Ser. A noble troop of strangers,
For so they seem, have left their barge, and landed,
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign Princes.

Wol. Good Lord Chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French
tongue,

And pray receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heav'n of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

[All arise, and tables removed.

You've now a broken banquet, but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and once more
I shou're a welcome on ye: welcome all!

Hautboys. Enter King and others as maskers, habited
like Shepherds, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They
pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute
him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your Grace, that having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly,
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct
Crave leave to view these ladies, and intreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They've done my poor house grace: for which I
pay 'em.

A thousand thanks; and pray 'em take their pleasures.

[Chuse Ladies, King and Anne Bullen.

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O Beauty,
'Till now I never knew thee.

[Musick. Dance.

Wol.

Wol. My lord.

Cham. Your Grace?

Wol. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:

There should be one amongst 'em by his person
More worthy this place than my self, to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

[Whisper.]

Cham. I will, my lord.

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed, which they would have your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then:

By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make
My royal choice.

King. You've found him, Cardinal:

You hold a fair assembly: you do well, lord.
You are a church-man, or I'll tell you, Cardinal,
I should judge you unhappily.

Wol. I'm glad

Your Grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My lord Chamberlain,
Pr'ythee come hither, what fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your Grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's
daughter,

(The Viscount Rochford,) one of her Highness' women.

King. By heaven she's a dainty one: sweet heart,
I were unmannerly to take you out, [To Anne Bullen.
And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the Banquet ready
I' th' privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your Grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

King. I fear too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies every one: sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you; let's be merry,

Good my lord Cardinal: I have a dozen healths
 To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
 To lead them once again, and then let's dream
 Who's best in favour. Let the musick knock it.

[*Exeunt with trumpets.*



A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter two Gentlemen at several Doors.

1 Gen. **W** Hither away so fast?

2 Gen. O Sir, God save ye:
 Ev'n to the hall, to hear what shall become
 Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

1 Gen. I'll save you
 That labour, Sir. All's now done, but the cere-
 mony

Of bringing back the pris'ner.

2 Gen. Were you there?

1 Gen. Yes indeed was I.

2 Gen. Pray speak what has happen'd?

1 Gen. You may gues quickly what.

2 Gen. Is he found guilty?

1 Gen. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.

2 Gen. I'm sorry for't.

1 Gen. So are a number more.

2 Gen. But pray how past it?

1 Gen. I'll tell you in a little. The great Duke
 Came to the Bar; where, to his Accusations
 He pleaded still not guilty, and alledg'd
 Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
 The King's Attorney, on the contrary,
 Urg'd on examinations, proofs, confessions

Of divers witnesses, which the Duke desir'd
To have brought *viva voce* to his Face ;
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor,
Sir Gilbert Pecke his chancellor, and John Car
Confessor to him, with that devil monk
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 Gen. That was he
That fed him with his prophecies.

1 Gen. The same.

All these accus'd him strongly, which he fain
Would have flung from him ; but indeed he could not :
And so his peers upon this evidence
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly for life ; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 Gen. After all this, how did he bear himself ?

1 Gen. When he was brought again to th' Bar, to
hear

His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extreamly,
And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty ;
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience.

2 Gen. I do not think he fears death.

1 Gen. Sure he does not,
He never was so womanish ; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2 Gen. Certainly,
The Cardinal is the end of this.

1 Gen. 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures : first Kildare's attainer,
Then deputy of Ireland ; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2 Gen. That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1 Gen. At his return,
No doubt he will requite it ; this is noted,
And gen'rally, whoever the King favours,
The Cardinal instantly will find employment for,

And far enough from court too.

2 Gen. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and o' my conscience
Wish him ten fathom deep: this Duke as much
They love and doat on, call him bounteous Buckingham,
The Mirror of all courtesy.

SCENE II.

Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment. Tipstaves before him, the Axe with the edge towards him. Halberds on each side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovel, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Walter Sands, and common People, &c.

1 Gen. Stay there, Sir.
And see the noble ruin'd Man you speak of.
2 Gen. Let's stand close and behold him.
Buck. All good People,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
He r what I say, and then go home and lose me:
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; yet heav'n bear witness
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me
E'en as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
To th' law I bear no malice for my death,
'T has done, upon the Premises, but Justice:
But those that fought it, I could wish more christians;
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em;
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then, my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the King have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying;
Go with me like good Angels to my end,
And as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,

And

King H E N R Y V H I .

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And list my soul to heav'n. Lead on a God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your Grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart

Were hid against me, now forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all,
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: no black envy
Shall make my grave—Commend me to his Grace:
And if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vows and pray'rs
Yet are the King's; and 'till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years;
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be;
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument

Lov. To th' water-side I must conduct your Grace,
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is coming: see the barge be ready,
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was Lord high constable,
And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun,
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant; I now seal it,
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without tryal fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the Seventh succeeding, tru'y pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal Prince
Restor'd to me my honours; and from ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son

Henry the Eighth, * name, honour, life, and all
 That made me happy, at one stroak has taken
 For ever from the world. I had my tryal,
 And must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
 A little happier than my wretched father:
 Yet thus far we are one in fortune, both
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd.
 A most unnatural and faithless service!
 Heav'n has an end in all: yet, you that hear me.
 This from a dying man receive as certain:
 Where you are lib'ral of your loves and counsels,
 Be sure you be not loose; those you make friends,
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away,
 Like water from ye, never found again,
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people
 Pray for me! I must leave ye; the last hour
 Of my long weary life is come upon me:
 Farewel; and when you would say something sad,
 Speak how I fell—I've done; and God forgive me,

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Train.*

1. Gen. O, this is full of pity; Sir, it calls,
 I fear, too many curses on their heads,
 That were the authors.

2. Gen. If the Duke be guiltless,
 'Tis full of woe; yet I can give you inkling
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
 Greater than this,

1 Gen. Good angels keep it from us:
 What may it be? you do not doubt my faith, Sir?

2. Gen. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
 A strong faith to conceal it.

1 Gen. Let me have it;
 I do not talk much.

2. Gen. I am confident;
 You shall, Sir; did you not of late days hear
 A buzzing of a separation
 Between the King and Kath'rine?

1 Gen. Yes, but it held not;

* *life, honour, name, and all.*

For

King HENRY VIII.

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For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor strait
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2. Gen. But that slander, Sir,
Is found a truth now ; for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,
Or some about him near, have (out of malice
To the good Queen) possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her : to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately,
As all think for this business.

1 Gen. 'Tis the Cardinal ;
And meerly to revenge him on the Emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The Arch-bishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 Gen. I think you've hit the mark ; but is't not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this ? the Cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 Gen. 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this :
Let's think in private more.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

M Y lord, the horses your lordship sent for, with all
the care I had I saw well chosen, ridden, and fur-
nish'd. They were young and handsome, and of the best
breed in the North. When they were ready to set out for
London, a man of my lord Cardinal's, by commission
and main power took 'em from me, with this reason ;
his master would be serv'd before a subject, if not before
the King ; which stopp'd our mouths, Sir.

I fear he will indeed ; well, let him have them ; he will
have all, I think.

Enter

Enter to the Lord Chamberlain the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Nor. Well met my Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your Graces.

Suf. How is the King employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;
This is the Cardinal's doing; the King-Cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The King will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God he do; he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business,
And with what z' al? for now he has crackt the league
'Tween us and th' Emperor, the Queen's great nephew:
He dives into the King's soul, and there scatters
Doubts, dangers, wringing of the conscience,
Fears and despair, and all these for his marriage;
And out of all these to restore the King,
He counsels a divorce, a loss of her
That like a jewel has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her that loves him with that excellency,
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the King; and is not this course pious?

Cham. Heav'n keep me from such counsel! 'tis most
true,
These news are ev'ry where, ev'ry tongue speaks 'em,
And every true heart weeps for't. All that dare
Look into these affairs, see his main end,
The French King's sister. Heav'n will one day open
The King's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold, bad man.

Suf.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray, and heartily for deliv'rance ;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From Princes into pages ; all mens honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please..

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him, there's my creed :
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the King please ; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike ; they're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him ; so I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the Pope.

Nor. Let's in ;
And with some other business, put the King [him ;
From these sad thoughts that work too much upon
My lord, you'll bear us company ?

Cham. Excuse me,
The King hath sent me other-where : besides
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him :
Health to your lordships. [Exit Lord Chamberlain.]

Nor. Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.

The Scene draws, and discovers the King sitting and
reading pensively.

Suf. How sad he looks ! sure he is much afflicted.

King. Who's there ? ha ?

Nor. Pray G-d he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say ? how dare you thrust your
selves

Into my private meditations ?

Who am I ? Ha ?

Nor. A gracious King, that pardons all offences.
Malice ne'er meant : our breach of duty this way,
Is business of estate, in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King. Ye are too bold :

Go to ; I'll make ye know your times of business :
Is this an hour for temporal affairs ? ha ?

*Enter Wolsey, and Campeius the Pope's Legat,
with a Commission.*

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinal? O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for the King. You're welcome,
Most learned rev'rend Sir, into our kingdom,
Use us, and it; my good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot:
I would your Grace would give us but an hour
Of private conf'rence.

King. We are busy; go.

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of:
I would not be so sick though, for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another. [Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.

Wol. Your Grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all Princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The tryal just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones in christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices. Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One gen'ral tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius,
Whom once more I present unto your Highness. [come,

King. And once more in my arms, I bid him wel-
And thank the holy conclave for their loves,
They've sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers
loves,
You are so noble: to your Highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,

(The

(The court of *Rome* commanding) you, my lord
Cardinal of *York*, are join'd with me, their servant,
In the impartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men: the Queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where's *Gardiner*?

Wol. I know your Majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her what
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best, God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee call *Gardiner* to me, my new Secretary,
I find him a fit fellow.

Enter *Gardiner*.

Wol. Give me your hand; much joy and favour to you;
You are the King's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

King. Come hither, *Gardiner*. [Walks and whispers.

Cam. My lord of *York*, was not one doctor *Pace*
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread them
Ev'n of your self, lord Cardinal.

Wol. How? of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envy'd him;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still: which so griev'd him
That he ran mad and dy'd.

Wol. Heav'n's peace be with him!
That's christian care enough: for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous. That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaneer persons.

King.

King. Deliver this with modesty to th' Queen:

[Exit Gardiner.]

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-fryars:
There ye shall meet about this weighty busines.
My Wolsey see it furnish'd. O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? but conscience, conscience —
O 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Enter Anne Bullen. and an old Lady.

Anne. NOT for that neither — here's the pang
that pinches.

His Highness liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,
She never knew harm-doing: oh, now after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,
The which to leave, a thousand fold more bitter
Than sweet at first t'acquire. After this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her!

Anne. In God's will, better
She ne'er had known pomp; though't be temporal;
Yet if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a suff'rance panging,
As soul and body sev'ring.

Old L. Ah poor lady,
She's stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her; verily
I swear 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content;

Than

Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a Queen.

Old L. Befshrew me I would;
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy;
You that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart, which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft \ddagger cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth. ————— [Queen?]

Old L. Yes, troth and troth; you would not be a

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heav'n.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would
hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it; but I pray you;
What think you of a Dutchesse? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little;
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How do you talk!

I swear again, I would not be a Queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith for little England
You'll venture an emballing: I my self
Would for Carnarvanshire, though there I belong'd
No more to th' crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter

\ddagger i. e. Tender, from Caprellus, Lat. Ciaverello, It.
Chevereul, Fr. a young Goat or Kid.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good-morrow, ladies; what were't worth
to know
The secret of your conf'rence?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle businell, and bec ming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen. [sings]

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heav'ly bls.
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high notes
Ta'en of your many virtues; the King's Majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembrook; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual suppost,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obediance I should tender;
More than my all, is nothing: for my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than vanities; yet pray'rs and wishes
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to spe:k my thanks and qmy obediance,
As from a blushing handmaid to his Highness;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail t'approve the fair conceit
The King hath of you. — I've perus'd her well.
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled [Aside:
That they have caught the King; and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this Isle? I'll to the King,
And say I spoke with you. [Exit Chamberlain.

Anne. My honour'd lord.

Old L. Why this it is: see, see.

I hay:

I have been begging sixteen years in court
 (Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could
 Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
 For any suit of pounds: And you, oh fate!
 (' very fresh fish here; fie, fie upon
 This compell'd fortune) have your mouth fill'd up
 Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no:
 There was a lady once ('is an old story)
 That would not be a Queen, that w^{ld} she not,
 For all the mud in Egypt; have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
 O'er-mount the lark. The marchioness of Pembrook!
 A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect!
 No other obligation? By my life
 That promises more thousands: honour's train
 Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time
 I know your back will bear a Dutchess. Say,
 Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
 Make your self mirth with your particular fancy,
 And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
 If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me
 To think what follows.

The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
 In our long absence; pray do not deliver
 What here y'ave heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me? —

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Trumpets, Sonnet, and Cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them two Scribes in the habits of Doctors: after them, the Bishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and St. Asaph; next them, with some

some small distance, follows a gentleman bearing the purse with the great seal, and the Cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a gentleman-usher bare-headed, accompanied with a serjeant at arms, bearing a mace; then two gentlemen, bearing two silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals, two noblemen with the sword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place some distance from the King. The bishops place themselves on each side the court in manner of a consistory: below them, the scribes. The lords sit next the bishops. The rest of the attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. **W**ilst our commission from Rome is read.

Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?

It hath already publickly been read,
And on all sides th' authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so, proceed.

Scribe. Say, *Henry King of England*, come into the court.

Cryer. *Henry King of England, &c.*

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, *Katherine Queen of England*,
Come into the court.

Cryer. *Katherine, Queen of England. &c.*

[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet, then speaks;]

Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indiff'rent, and no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Math my behaviour giv'n to your displeasure,

That

That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I've been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your count'nance; glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd: when was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire?
Or made it not mine too? which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, give notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blst
With many children by you. If in the course
And processe of the time you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour ought,
My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty
Against your sacred person; in God's name
Turn me away; and let the soulf't contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, Sir,
The King your father was reputed for
A Prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment. *Ferdinand*
My father, King of *Spain*, was reckon'd one
The wisest Prince that there had reign'd, by many
A year before. It is not to be question'd,
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of ev'ry realm, that did debate this busines,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore humbly,
Sir, I beseech you, spare me, 'till I may
Be by my friends in *Spain* advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore. If not, i'th' name of God
Your pleasure be fulfill'd.

Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice) these rev'rend fathers, men
Of singular integrity and learning:

Yea,

Yea, the elect o' th' land who are assembled
 To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless
 That longer you defer the court, as well
 For your own quiet, as to rectifie
 What is unsettled in the King.

Cam. His Grace

Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,
 It's fit this royal session do proceed,
 And that without delay their arguments
 Be now produc'd, and heard.

Queen. Lord Cardinal,
 To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam.

Queen, Sir,
 I am about to weep; but thinking that
 We are a Queen, or long have dream'd so, certain
 The daughter of a King, my drops of tears
 I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet —

Queen. I will, when you are humble; nay before,
 Or God will punish me. I do believe,
 Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
 You are mine enemy, and make my challenge,
 You shall not be my judge. For it is you
 Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,
 Which God's dew quench! therefore I say again,
 I utterly abhor, yea from my soul
 Refuse you for my judge, whom yet once more
 I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
 At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess

You speak not like your self, who ever yet
 Have stood to charity, and display'd thy effects
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
 O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you wrong me.
 I have no spleen against you, nor injustice
 For you, or any; how far I've proceeded,
 Or how far further shall, is warranted
 By a commission from the consistory,
 Yea, the whole consist'ry of Rome. You charge me,
 That

That I have blown this coal; I do deny it.
The King is present; if't be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me, and the cure is to
Remove these thoughts from you. The which before
His Highnes shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And say no more.

Queen. My lord, my lord, I am
A simple woman, much too weak t'oppose
Your cunning. You are meek, and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogance, with spleen and pride.
You have by fortune and his Highnes' favours
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted.
Where pow'rs are your retainers; and your words,
Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please!
Your self pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual. That again
I do refuse you for my judge, and here
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[She curties to the King, and offers to depart.

Cam. The Queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt t'accuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by't; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Cryer. Katherine, Queen of England, come into the
court.

Usher. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it? pray you keep your
way.

When.

When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help,
 They vex me past my patience —— pray pass on;
 I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
 Upon this busines my appearance make
 In any of their cou ts.

[*Exeunt Queen and her attendants.*

S C E N E VII.

King. Go thy ways, *Kate*,
 That man i'th' world, who shall report he has
 A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
 For speaking false in that. Thou art alone,
 (If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
 Thy meeknes saint-like, wife-like government,
 Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
 Sovereign and pious, could but speak thee out)
 The Queen of earthly Queens. She's noble born
 And like her true nobility, she has
 Carried her self tow'rds me.

Wol. Most gracious Sir,
 In humblest manner I require your Highness
 That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
 Of all these ears (for where I'm robb'd and bound,
 There must I be unloos'd, although not there
 At once, and fully satisfy'd) if I
 Did broach this busines to your Highness, or
 Laid any scruple in your way, which might
 Induce you to the question on't; or ever
 Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
 A royal lady, speake one the least word,
 That might be prejudice of her present state,
 Or touch of her good person?

King. My lord Cardinal,
 I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
 I free you from't: you are not to be taught,
 That you have many enemies, that know not
 Why they are so, but like the village curs,
 Bark when their fellows do. By some of these
 The Queen is put in anger; y're excus'd:

But

But will you be more justify'd? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this busines, never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hindred
The passages made tow'rds it: on my honour
I speak, my good lord Cardinal, to this point;
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,
I will be bold with time and your attentio'n:
Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came; give heed to't.
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By th'bishop of Bayon, then French ambassador,
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: I'th' progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean the bishop) did require a respite,
Wherein he might the King his lord advertise,
Whether our daughter were legitimate;
Respecting this our marriage with the Dowager,
Sometime our Brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea with a splitting power; and made to tremble
The region of my breast, which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng
And prest it with this caution. First methought
I stood not in the smile of heav'n, which had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb
(If it conceiv'd a male-child by me) should
Do no more offices of life to't, than
The grave does to the dead; for her male-issue,
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom
(Well worthy the best heir o' h' world) should not
Be glad in one by me. Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail, and that gave to me
Many a groaning thro'e: thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Towards this remedy, whereon we are

Now

Now present here together: that's to say,
 I meant to rectifie my conscience, (which
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well)
 By all the rev'rend fathers of the land
 And doctors learn'd. First I began in private
 With you my lord of *Lincoln*; you rememb'r
 How under my oppression I did reel,
 When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

King. I have spoke long; be pleas'd your self to say
 How far you satisfy'd me.

Lin. Please your Highness,
 The question did at first so stagger me,
 Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
 And consequence of dread; that I committed
 The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt:
 And did intreat your Highness to this course
 Which you are running here.

King. I then mov'd you
 My lord of *Canterbury*, and got your leave
 To make this present summons unsolicited.
 I left no rev'rend person in this court,
 But by particular consent proceeded
 Under your hands and seals. Therefore go on;
 For no dislike i'th' world against the person
 Of our good Queen, but the sharp thorny points
 Of my alledged reasons drive this forward.
 Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
 And kingly dignity, we are contented
 To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
 (*Katherine our Queen*) before the primest creature
 That's paragon'd i'th' world.

Cam. So please your Highness,
 The Queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
 That we adjourn this court to further day;
 Mean while must be an earnest motion
 Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal
 She intends to his Holiness.

King. I may perceive
 These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhor

This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
 My learn'd and well-beloved servant Cranmer,
 Prythee return; with thy approach, I know,
 My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
 I say, set on. [Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Queen and her Women, as at work.

QUEEN.

TAKE thy lute, wench, my soul grows sad with
 troubles:
 Sing, and disperse 'em if thou canst: leave working.

SONG,

Orpheus, with his lute, made trees,
 And the mountain tops that freeze,
 Bow themselves when he did sing.
 To his musick, plants and flowers
 Ever rose, as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting spring.
 Ev'ry thing that heard him play,
 Ev'n the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.
 In sweet musick is such art,
 Killing care, and grief of heart,
 Fall asleep, or hearing die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gent. And't please your Grace, the two great Card
 Wait in the presence.

inals

Queen.

Queen. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, Madam.

Queen. Pray their Graces

To come near; what can be their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?

I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,

They should be good men, their affairs are righteous,

But *all hoods make not monks.*

Enter the Cardinals Wolsey and Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your Highness.

Queen. Your Graces find me here part of a house-wife,
(I would be all) against the worst may happen:

What are your pleasures with me, rev'rend lords?

Wol. May't please you, noble Madam, to withdraw
In'o your private chamber; we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Queen. Speak it here.

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner; would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!

My lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions

Were try'd by ev'ry tongue, ev'ry eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em;
I know my life so even. If your business
Do seek me out, and that way I am wise in;
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, Regina Serenissima.*

Queen. Good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in.

A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicio-

uous:

Pray speak in English; here are some will thank you
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake.
Believe me she has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolv'd in English.

Wol.

Wol. Noble lady,

I'm sorry my integrity should breed
(And service to his Majesty and you)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses ;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow ;
You have too much, good lady ; but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the King and you ? and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,

My lord of York, out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your Grace,
Forgetting like a good man your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far)
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace
His service and his counsel. —

Queen. To betray me.

My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, pray God ye prove so.
But how to make ye suddenly an answer
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids, full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness) good your Graces,
Let me have time and council for my cause :
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the King's love with those
fears,

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,

But little for my profit; can you think, lords,
That any English man dare give me counsel ?
Or be a known friend 'gainst his Highness pleasure,

Though he be grown so desp'rate to be honest,
And live a subject? nay forsooth, my friends
They, that must weigh out my afflictions,
They, that my trust must grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my comforts are, far hence
In my own country, lords.

Cam. I would your Grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Queen. How, Sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the King's protection,
He's loving and most gracious. 'Twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause:
For if the tryal of the law o'er-take ye,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
Is this your christian counsel & out upon ye.
Heav'n is above all yet; there sits a Judge,
That no King can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Queen. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two rev'rend Cardinal virtues;
But Cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
Mend 'em for shame, my lords: is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity. But say I warn'd ye;
Take heed, take heed for heav'n's sake, lest at once
The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a meer distraction,
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Queen. Ye turn me into nothing. Wo upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would you have me
(If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing, but churchmen's habits)
Put my sick cause into his hinds that hates me?
Alas, he has banish'd me his bed already,
His love too, long ago. I'm old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him

King H E N R Y VIII.

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Is only by obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse, like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse —

Queen. Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak my self,
Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I, with all my full affections
Still met the King? lov'd him next heaven, obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour; a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Queen. My lord, I dare not make my self so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray hear me —

Queen. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that g'ow upon it!
Ye've angels faces, but heav'n knows your hearts.
What shall become of me now! wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[*To her women.*

Ship-wreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope! no kindred weep for me!
Almost no grave allow'd me! like the lilly,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your Grace

Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'll feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it:

C 2

We

52 King HENRY VIII.

We are to cure such sorows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness sake consider what you do,
How you may hurt your self, nay utterly
Grow from the King's acquaintance, by this carriage,
The hearts of Princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it: but to stubborn spirits,
They swell and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm; pray think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends and servants.
Cam. Madam, you'll find it so: you wrong your
virtues

With these weak womens fears: A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The King loves
you;

Beware you lose it not; for us (if you please
To trust us in your business) we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Queen. Do what you will, my lords; and pray for-
give me,
If I have us'd my self unmannerly.
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray do my service to his Majesty.
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, rev'rend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me. She now begs,
That little thought when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

*Enter Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk, Lord
Surrey, and Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the Cardinal
Cannot stand under them. If you omit

The

The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful,
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my Father-in-law the Duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the Peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know:
What we can do to him (though now the time
Give way to us) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to th' King, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in's tongue.

Nor. O fear him not,
His spell in that is out; the King hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his most high displeasure.

Sur. I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. How?

Suf. The Cardinal's letters to the Pope miscarried,
And came to th'eye o'th' King; wherein was read,
How that the Cardinal did intreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o'th' divorce; for if
It did take place, I do, quoth he, perceive
My King is tangled in affection to

54 King HENRY VIII.

A creature of the Queen's, lady Anne Ballen.

Sur. Has the King this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder; and he brings his physick
After his patient's death; the King already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord,
For I profess you have it.

Sur. Now all joy

Trace the conjunction.

Suf. My Amen to't.

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation;
Marry this is but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and compleat
In mind and feature. I persuade me from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But will the King
Digest this letter of the Cardinal's?
The lord forbid.

Nor. Marry, Amen.

Suf. No, no:

There be more wasps that buzz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stol'n away to Rome, has ta'en no leave, and
Hath left the cause to th' King unhandled,
Is posted as the agent of our Cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The King cry'd ha! at this.

Cham. Now God incense him;
And let him cry ha, louder.

Nor. But my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd with his opinions, which

Have

King HENRY VIII.

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Have satisfy'd the King for his divorce,
Gather'd from all the famous colleges
Almost in Christendom ; soon, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd Queen, but Prince's dowager,
A widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the King's business.

Suf. He has, and we shall see him
For it an Archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so,

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

The Cardinal.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave it you the King ?

Crom. To his own hand, in's bed-chamber.

Wol. Look'd he o'th'inside of the paper ?

Crom. Presently
He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind ; a heed
Was in his countenance. You be bad
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready to come abroad ?

Crom. I think by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while. [Exit Cromwell.]

It shall be to the Dutches of Alenson, [Aside.
The French King's sister; he shall marry her.
Anne Bullen! — no, I'll no *Anne Bullens* for him, —
There's more in't than fair visage — *Bullen!* —
No, we'll no *Bullen*s ! — speedily I wish
To hear from Rome — the marchioness of Pembroke ! —

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be he hears the King
Does whet his anger to him.

Suf. Sharp enough,

Lord for thy justice!

Wol. [*Aside.*] The late Queen's gentlewoman! a
Knight's daughter!

To be her mistress's mistress! the Queen's Queen!—
This candle burns not clear, 'tis I must snuff it,
Then out it goes—what though I know her virtuous
And well-deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to
Our cause!—that she should lye i'th' bosom of
Our hard-rul'd King!—again, there is sprung up
An heretick, an arch one Cranmer, one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He's vex'd at something.

S C E N E III.

Enter King, reading of a schedule.

Sur. I would 'twere something that would fret the
string

The master-cord of's heart.

Suf. The King the King.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion; what expence by th' hour
Seems to flow from him! how i'th' name of thrift
Does he rake this together! Now, my lords,
Saw you the Cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion
Is in his brain; he bites his lip; and starts,
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; strait
Springs out into fast gate, then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard, and then anon he casts
His eye against the moon, in most strange postures
We've seen him set himself.

King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; and wot you what I found

There,

There, on my conscience put unwittingly ?
 Forsooth an inventory, thus importing
 The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
 Rich stuffs and ornaments of household, which
 I find at such a proud rate, it out-speaks
 Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heav'n's will,
 Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
 To bles your eye withal.

King. If we did think
 His contemplations were above the earth,
 And fix'd on spiritual objects, he shoud still
 Dwell in his musings ; but I am afraid
 His thinkings are below the moon, nor worth
 His serious considering.

He takes his seat, whispers Lovel, who goes to Wolsey. —

Wol. Heav'n forgive me —
 Ever God bless your Highness —

King. Good my Lord,
 You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
 Of your best graces in your mind ; the which
 You were now running o'er ; you have scarce time
 To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
 To keep your earthly audit ; sure in that
 I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
 To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
 For holy offices I have a time ;
 A time to think upon the part of business
 I bear i'th' state ; and nature does require
 Her times of preservation, which perforce
 I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
 Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your Highness yoke together,
 As I will lend you cause, my doing well
 With my well saying.

King. 'Tis well said again,
 And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well !
 And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you,

He

He said he did, and with this deed did crown
 His word upon yon. Since I had my office
 I've kept you next my heart, have not alone
 Imply'd you where high profits might coine home,
 But par'd my present havings to bellow
 My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean?

[*Aside.*

Sur. The lord increase this business.

[*Aside.*

King. Have I not made you
 The prime man of the state? I pray you tell me,
 If what I now pronounce you have found true:
 And if you may confess it, say withal
 If you are bound to us, or no? what say you?

Wol. My Sovereign, I confess your royal graces
 Show'd on me daily have been more than could
 My studied purposes require, which went
 Beyond all man's endeavours. My endeavours
 Have ever come too short of my desires,
 Yet fill'd with my abilities, mine own
 Ends have been such that evermore they pointed
 To th' good of your most sacred person, and
 The profit of the state: For your great graces
 Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
 Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
 My prayers to heav'n for you; my loyalty,
 Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
 'Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd:

A loyal and obedient subject is
 Therein illustrated: the honour of it
 Does pay the act of it, i'th' contrary
 The foulness is the punishment. I presume
 That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
 My heart dropp'd love, my pow'r rain'd honour, more
 On you, than any; so your hand and heart,
 Your brain, and every function of your power,
 Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
 As 'twere in love's particular, be more
 To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I pr. fass,

The

That for your Highness' good I ever labour'd
 More than mine own; that am I, have been, will be;
 Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
 And throw it from their soul; though perils did
 Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
 Appear in forms more horrid; yet, my duty,
 As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
 Should the approach of this wild river break,
 And stand unshaken yours.

King. *Tis nobly spoken;
 Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
 For you have seen him open't. Read o'er this,

[Giving him Papers.]

And after this; and then to breakfast, with
 What appetite you may.

[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey, the No-
 bles throng after him whispering and smiling.

S C E N E IV.

Wol. What should this mean?
 ‘What sudden anger’s this? how have I reap’d it?
 ‘He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
 ‘Leap’d from his eyes. So looks the chased lion
 ‘Upon the daring huntsman that has gall’d him,
 ‘Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper:
 I fear, the story of his anger — ’tis so —
 This paper has undone me — ’tis th’ account
 Of all that world of wealth I’ve drawn together
 For mine own ends, indeed to gain the Popedom,
 And see my friends in Rome. O negligence!
 Fit for a fool to fall by. What cross devil
 Made me put this main secret in the packet
 I sent the King? is there no way to cure this?
 No new device to beat this from his brains?
 I know ’twill stir him strongly; yet I know
 A way, if I take right, in spight of fortune
 Will bring me off again. What’s this — *To the Pope?*
 The letter, as I live, with all the businels
 I writ to’s holiness. Nay, then farewell;
 I’ve touch’d the highest point of all my greatness,

And

And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting. • I shall fall
• Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
• And no man see me more.

S C E N E V.

Enter to Wolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal, who commands you

To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands, and to confine your self
To *Asher-house*, my lord of *Winchester's*,
'Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay :

Where's your commission, lords ? words cannot carry
Authority so mighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the King's will from his mouth expresly ?
Wol. 'Till I find more than will, or words to do it,
I mean your malice, know officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are molded — Envy :
How eagerly ye follow my disgrace
As if it fed ye, and how sleek and wanton
Y' appear in every thing may bring my ruin.
Follow your envious courses, men of malice ;
You have a christian warrant for 'em, and
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
You ask with such a violence, the King
(Mine and your master) with his own hand gave me ;
Bad me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life ; and to confirm his goodness,
Ty'd it by letters patent. Now, who'll take it ?

Sur. The King that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou'rt a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest :

Within these forty hours *Surrey* durst better

Have

Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law :
The heads of all thy brother Cardinals,
With thee and all thy best parts bound together,
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy,
You sent me deputy for *Ireland*,
Far from his succour ; from the King, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'ft him :
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an ax.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The Duke by law
Found his deserts. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour ;
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the King, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than *Surrey* can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you, thou should'st feel
My sword i'th' life-blood of thee else. My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?
And from this fellow ? if we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewel nobility, let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the lands wealth into one,
Into your own hands. Card'nal, by extortion :
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to th' Pope, against the King ; your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.

My

My lord of Norfolk, as you're truly noble,
 As you respect the common good, the state
 Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
 Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,
 Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
 Collected from his life. I'll startle you
 Worse than the scaring bell, when the brown wench
 Lay kissing in your arms, lord Cardinal.

Wol. How much methinks I could despise this man,
 But that I'm bound in charity against it.

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in th' King's hand :
 But thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer
 And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
 When the King knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you :
 I thank my memory, yet I remember
 Some of these articles, and out they shall.
 Now, if you can, blush, and cry guilty, Cardinal,
 You'll shew a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, Sir.
 I dare your worst objections : if I blush,
 It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those than my head ; have at
 you.
 First, that without the King's assent or knowledge
 You wrought to be a legat, by which power
 You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
 To foreign Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
 Was still inscrib'd, in which you brought the King
 To be your servant.

Suf. That without the knowledge
 Either of King or council, when you went
 Ambassador to th' Emperor, you made bold
 To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, You sent a large commission
 To *Gregory de Caffalis*, to conclude,
 Without the King's will or the State's allowance,
 A league between his Highness and *Ferrara*.

Suf. That out of meer ambition, you have made
Your holy-hat be stamp'd on the King's coin.

Sur. That you have sent innumerable substance
(By what means got I leave to your own conscience)
To furnish *Rome*, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities, to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are,
Which since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lye open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure is,
(Because all those things you have done of late,
By your pow'r legatine within this kingdom,
Fall in the compass of a præmumire)
That therefore such a writ be sued against you,
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Castles, and whosoever, and to be
Out of the King's protection. This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The King shall know it, and no doubt shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

S C E N E VI.

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
• Farewel, a long farewell to all my greatness!
• This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
• The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
• And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
• The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
• And when he thinks, good easie man, full surely
• His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,

• And

' And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
 ' Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders;
 ' These many summers in a sea of glory :
 ' But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
 ' At length broke under me, and now has left me
 ' Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 ' Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 ' Vain pomp and glory of the world! I hate ye;
 ' I feel my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched
 ' Is that poor man that hangs on Princes favours !
 ' There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 ' That sweet aspect of Princes, and * our ruin,
 ' More pangs and fears than war or women have.
 ' And when he falls, he falls like *Lucifer*,
 ' Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell standing amaz'd.

Why how now Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, Sir:

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? nay, if You weep,
I'm fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace?

Wol. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good *Cromwell*.
I know my self now, and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities;
A still and quiet conscience. The King has cur'd me;
I humbly thank his Grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
O 'tis a bur-den, *Cromwell*, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heav'n.

Crom. I'm glad your Grace has made that right use
of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I'm able now methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
T' endure more miseries, and greater far

Than

* their

King H E N R Y VIII.

65

Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King.

Wol. God bless him.

Crom. The next is, that Sit *Thomas Moor* is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden———

But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans tears wept on him.
What more?

Crom. That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome;
Install'd lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady *Anne*,
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his Queen,
Going to chappel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. ◉

Cromwell,

The King has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth my honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go get thee from me, *Cromwell*,
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the King,
(That sun, I pray may never set) I've told him
What and how true thou art; he will advance thee:
Some little memory of me will stir him,
I know his noble nature, not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good *Cromwell*,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego

Se

So good, so noble, and so true a master?
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
 With what a sorrow *Cromwell* leaves his lord.
 The King shall have my service; but my prayers
 For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. *Cromwell*, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, *Cromwell*,
 ' And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 ' And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 ' Of me must more be heard: say then I taught thee;
 ' Say, *Wolfey*, that once trod the ways of glory,
 ' And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
 ' Found thee a way out of his wrack to rise in:
 ' A sure and safe one, though my master miss'd it.
 ' Mark but my fall and thit which ruin'd me:
 ' *Cromwell*, I charge thee, fling away Ambition,
 ' By that sin fell the angels; how can man then
 ' (The image of his maker) hope to win it?
 ' Love thy self last, cherish those hearts that hate thee.
 ' Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 ' Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
 ' To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
 ' Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 ' Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st,
 ' *Cromwell*,
 ' Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King;
 And pr'ythee lead me in _____
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
 And my integrity to heav'n, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O *Cromwell*, *Cromwell*,
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewel

The hopes of court! my hopes in heav'n do dwell.

[Exeunt.]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Two Gentlemen meeting one another.

1 Gen. Y O U ' R E well met once again.

2 Gen. And so are you.

1 Gen. You come to take your stand here, and behold

The lady Anne pass from her coronation.

2 Gen. 'Tis all my businels. At our last encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his tryal.

1 Gen. 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd sorrow,
This, gen'ral joy.

2 Gen. 'Tis well; the citizens
I'm sure have shewn at full their loyal minds.
And let 'em have their rights, they're ever forward
In celebration of this day with shews,
Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 Gen. Never greater,
Nor I'll assure you better taken, Sir.

2 Gen. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
The paper in your hands?

1 Gen. Yes, 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be High Steward; next the Duke of Norfolk,
To be Earl Marshal; you may read the rest.

2 Gen. I thank you, Sir; had I not known those
customs,
I should have been beholden to your paper.
But I beseech you what's become of Katharine,

The

The Princess Dowager? how goes her business?

1 Gen. That I can tell you too; the Archbishop of Canterbury, accompanied with other Learned and rev'rend fathers of his order, Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles From Ampthill, where the Princess lay; to which She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not: And to be short, for not appearance and The King's late scruple, by the main assent Of all these learned men she was divorc'd, And the late marriage made of none effect: Since which, she was remov'd to Kimbolton, Where she remains now sick.

2 Gen. Alas good lady! The trumpets sound, stand close, the Queen is coming.

[Hautboys.]

The Order of the Coronation.

1. A lively flourish of trumpets.
2. Then two Judges.
3. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.
4. Choristers singing. [Musick.]
5. Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.
6. Marques of Dorset, bearing a scepter of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crown'd with an Earl's coronet. Collars of SS.
7. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as High Steward. With him the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.
8. A canopy born by four of the Cinque-ports, under it the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned

dorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her
the bishops of London and Winchester.

9. The old Dutches of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold,
wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.
10. Certain ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of
gold without flowers.

They pass over the stage in order and state, and then
Exeunt, with a great flourish of trumpets.

2 Gen. A royal train, believe me; these I know;
Who's that who bears the scepter?

1 Gen. Marques Dorset.

And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 Gen. A bold brave gentleman. That should be
The Duke of Suffolk.

1 Gen. 'Tis the same: high Steward.

2 Gen. And that my lord of Norfolk?

1 Gen. Yes.

2 Gen. Heav'n bless thee,
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our King has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer, when he strains that lady:
I cannot blame his conscience.

1 Gen. They that bear
The cloth of state above her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-Ports.

2 Gen. Those men are happy, so are all are nearer.
I take it, she that carries up the train,
Is that old noble lady, the Dutches of Norfolk.

1 Gen. It is, and all the rest are Countesses.

2 Gen. Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed,
And sometimes falling ones.

1 Gen. No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you Sir. Where have you been broiling?

3 Gen. Among the crowd i'th' abby, where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more; I am stifled,

With

With the meer rankness of their joy.

2 Gen. You saw the ceremony?

3 Gen. I did.

1 Gen. How was it?

3 Gen. Well worth the seeing.

2 Gen. Good Sir, speak it to us.

3 Gen. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the Queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her Grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, Sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man; which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrowds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes, Hats, cloaks,
Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such j y
I never saw before. Great-belly'd women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, this is my wife there, all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 Gen. But pray what follow'd?

3 Gen. At length her Grace rose, and with modest
paces

Came to the altar, where she kneel'd, and faint-like
Cast her fair eyes to heav'n, and pray'd devoutly,
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people;
When by the Arch-bishop of Canterbury,
Sh'd had all the royal makings of a Queen;
As holy oil, Edward confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and ail such emblems
Laid nebly on her: which perform'd, the choir
With all the choicest musick of the kingdom,
Together sung Te Deum. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again

To York-Place, where the feast is held.

1 Gen. You must no more call it York-Place, that's past.
For since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost,
'Tis now the King's, and call'd Whitehall.

3 Gen. I know it:

But 'tis so lately alter'd, the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 Gen. What two reverend bishops

Were those that went on each side of the Queen?

3 Gen. Stokesby and Gardiner, the one of Winchester,
Newly prefer'd from the King's Secretary:

The other, London.

2 Gen. He of Winchester

Is held no great good lover of th' Arch-bishop,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 Gen. All the land knows that:

However yet there's no great breach; when't comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 Gen. Who may that be, I pray you?

3 Gen. Thomas Cromwell,

A man in much esteem with th' King, and truly
A worthy friend. The King has made him
Master o'th' jewel house,
And one already of the privy-council.

2 Gen. He will deserve more.

3 Gen. Yes, without all doubt.

Come, gentlemen, you shall go my way,
Which is to th' court, and there shall be my guests:
Something I can command; as I walk thither
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, Sir.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter Katharine Dowager, sick, led between Griffith her
gentleman Usher, and Patience her woman.

Grif. How does your Grace?

Kath. O Griffith, sick to death;

My

My legs like loaded branches bow to th' earth,
 Willing to leave their burthen : reach a chair —
 So — now methinks I feel a little ease. [Sitting down.
 Didst thou not tell me, *Griffith*, as thou led'st me,
 That the great child of honour, Cardinal *Wolsey*,
 Was dead ?

Grif. Yes Madam ; but I think your Grace,
 Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good *Griffith*, tell me how he dy'd.
 If well, he st p before me happily,
 For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, Madam.
 For after the stout Earl of *Northumberland*
 Arrested him at *York*, and brought him forward
 (As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
 He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
 He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man !

Grif. At last, with easie roads he came to *Leicester*,
 Lodg'd in the abby ; where the rev'rend abbot,
 With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him ;
 To whom he gave these words. ‘ O father abbot,
 ‘ An old man broken with the storms of state,
 ‘ Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
 ‘ Give him a little earth for charity !
 So went to bed ; where eagerly his sickness
 Pursu'd him still, and three nights after this,
 About the hour of eight, (which he himself
 Foretold should be his last) full of repentance,
 Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
 He gave his Honours to the world again,
 His blessed part to heav'n, and slept in peace !

Kath. So may he rest, his faults lie bury'd with him !
 Yet thus far, *Griffith*, give me leave to speak him,
 And yet with charity ; he was a man
 Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
 Him self with Princes : one that by suggestion
 Ty'd all the kingdom ; simony was fair play :
 His one opinion was his law. I'th' presence
 He would say untruths, and be ever double

Both

Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.
His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues
We write in water. May it please your Highness
To hear me speak his good now ?

Kath. Yes, good *Griffith*,
I were malicious else.

Grif. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading ;
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not,
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,
(Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, Madam,
He was most princely ; Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you
Ipswich and *Oxford* ! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good he did it :
The other, though unfinisht, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little :
And to add greater honour to his age
Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as *Griffith*.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be w th him !

*Patience, be near me still, and set me lower.
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell; whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.*

Sad and solemn Musick.

*Grif. She is asleep: good wench let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle Patience.*

The Vision. Enter solemnly one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces, branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and at certain changes the first two hold a spare garland over her head, at which the other four make reverend curssies. Then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order. At which as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven. And so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The musick continues.

*Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?*

Grif. Madam, we're here.

*Kath. It is not you I call for,
Saw ye none enter since I slept?*

Grif. None, madam.

*Kath. No? saw you not ev'n now a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, *Griffith*, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall assuredly.*

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams

Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the musick leave,
'Tis harsh and heavy to me,

[*Musick ceases.*

Pat. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold? observe her eyes.

Grif. She is going, wench, Pray, pray, —

Pat. Heav'n comfort her,

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And't like your Grace —

Kath. You are a saucy fellow,
Déserv'e we no more rev'rence?

Grif. You're to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.

Mes. I humbly do intreat your Highness' pardon:
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman sent from the King to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, *Griffith.* But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again. [*Exit Messenger.*

Enter Lord Capucius.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the Emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name *Capucius*.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First mine own service to your Grace, the next
The King's request that I would visit you,
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily intreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late,
'Tis like a pardon after execution;

That gentle physick giv'n in time had cur'd me;
But now I'm past all comforts here but prayers.
How does his Highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do, and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the Kingdom. *Patience*, is that letter
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, Madam.

Kath. Sir, I must humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the King.

Cap. Most willingly, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter.
(The dews of heav'n fall thick in blessings on her!)
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,
(She's young and of a noble modest nature,
I hope she will deserve well) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him
Heav'n knows how dearly! my next poor petition
Is, that his noble Grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully;
Of which there is not one, I dare avow
(And now I should not lye) but well deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble:
And sure those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is for my men; they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me.
If heav'n had pleas'd to've giv'n me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents. And good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these peor peoples friend, and urge the King
To do me this last right.

Cap.

Cap. By heav'n I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man.

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his Highness;
And tell him his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world. Tell him, in death I blest him,
For so I will—mine eyes grow dim. Farewel,
My lord—*Griffith* farewel—nay, *Patience*,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed—
Call in more women—When I'm dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour, strew me over
With maiden flow'rs, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth; although un-queen'd, yet like
A Queen and daughter to a King, inter me.
I can no more— [Exeunt, leading Katherine.]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a page with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovel.

Gard. IT'S one a clock, boy, is't not?
Boy. It hath struck.

Gard. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for Delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir Thomas,
Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the King, my lord?

Gard. I did, Sir Thomas, left him at Primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gard. Not yet, Sir *Thomas Lovel*; what's the maater?
It seems you are in hafte: And if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late businels. Affairs that walk
(As they say spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wlder nature, than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you:
And duist commend a secret to yout ear
Much weightier than this word. The Queen's in labour,
They say in great extremity, 'tis fear'd
She'll with the labour end.

Gard. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live; but for the stock, Sir *Thomas*,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and (sweet lady) does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gard. But Sir, Sir ——
Hear me, Sir *Thomas* —— y'are a gentleman
Of mine own way, I know you wise, religious,
And let me tell you it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, Sir *Thomas Lovel*, take't of me,
'Till *Cranmer, Cromwell*, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, Sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i'th' kingdom; as for *Cromwell*,
Beside that of the jewel-house, is made master
O'th' Rolls, and the King's Secretary. Further,
Stands in the gap and trade for more preferments,
With which the time will load him. Th' Archbishop
Is the King's hand, or tongue, and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gard. Yes, Sir *Thomas*,
There are that dare; and I my self have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him; indeed this day,

Sir

Sir I may tell it you, I think I have
 Incens'd the lords o'th' council, that he is
 (For so I know he is, they know he is)
 A most arch-heretick, a pestilence
 That does infect the land ; with which they mov'd
 Have broken with the King, who hath so far
 Giv'n ear to our complaint of his great Grace
 And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
 Our reasons laid before him, he bath commanded
 To-morrow morning to the council board
 He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
 And we must root him out. From your affairs
 I hinder you too long : good night, Sir Thomas.

[*Exeunt Gardiner and page.*

Lov. Many good nights, my lord, I rest your servant.

S C E N E II.

Enter King and Suffolk.

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night,
 My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, *Charles,*
 Nor shall not when my fancy's on my play.
 Now *Lovel*, from the Queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
 What you commanded me, but by her woman
 I sent your message, who return'd her thanks
 In greatest humbleness, and begg'd your Highness,
 Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'ft thou! ha!
 To pray for! what! is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman, and that her suff'rance made
 Almost each pang a death.

King. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burthen, and
 With gentle travel, to the gladding of
 Your Highness with an heir.

King. 'Tis midnight, *Charles*;
 Pr'ythee to bed, and in thy prayers remember

Th' estate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone,
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your Highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, a good night: [Exit Suffolk.
Well, Sir, what follows?

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Denny. Sir, I have brought my lord the Archbishop,
As you commanded me.

King. Ha! Canterbury! ——

Denny. Yea, my good lord.

King. 'Tis true —— where is he, Denny?

Denny. He attends your Highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us. [Exit Denny.
Loy. This is about that which the bishop spake,
I am happily come hither. [Aside.

Enter Cranmer and Denny.

King. Avoid the gallery. [Lovel seemeth to stay.
Ha! —— I have said —— be gone.

[*Exeunt Lovel and Denny.*

S C E N E III.

Cran. I am fearful: wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.
King. How now, my lord! you do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty
T'attend your Highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you rise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury,
Come, you and I must walk a turn together:
I've news to tell you. Come, give me your hand,
Ah my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,

Grievous

Grievous complaints of you; which being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us, where I know
You cannot with such freedom purge your self,
But that 'till further tryal; in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower; you, a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your Highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder. For I know
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I my self, poor man.

King. Stand up, good *Canterbury*;
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand; stand up,
Pr'ythee let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,
What manner of man are you? my lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring toge'her
Your self and your accusers, and have heard you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Most dread Liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fall, I with mine enemies
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i' th' world, with the whole
world?

Your foes are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever
The justice and the truth o' th' question carries
The due o' th' verdict with it. At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been done

You're potently oppos'd ; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean in perjur'd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, while here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth ? go to, go to,
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God and your Majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.

King. Be of good cheer,
They shall no more prevail than we give way to :
Keep comfort to you, and this morning see
You do appear before them. If they chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you ;
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use ; and with what vehemency
Th' occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties
Will render you no remedy, this Ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. Look, the good man weeps !
He's honest on mine honour. God's blest mother !
I swear he is true-hearted, and a soul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [Exit Cranmer.
He's strangled all his language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gent. Within. Come back ; what mean you ?

Lady. I'll not come back : the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners. Now good angels
Ply o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings !

King. Now by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the Queen deliver'd ?
Say ay, and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my Liege ;
And of a lovely boy ; the God of heav'n
Both now and ever bless her ! — 'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sit, your Queen
Desires your visitation, and to be

Acquainted

Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovell.

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred marks, I'll to the Queen.

[Exit King.]

Lady. An hundred marks! by this light I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such a payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like him? I'll
Have more, or else unsay't: now, while 'tis hot,
I'll put it to the issue. [Exit Lady.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cranmer.

Cran. I Hope I'm not too late, and yet the gentleman
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? hoa?
Who waits there? sure you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

Keep. Your Grace must wait 'till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice: I am glad
I came this way so happily. The King
Shall understand it presently. [Exit Butts.]

Cran. 'Tis Butts,
The King's physician; as he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heav'n he found not my disgrace: for certain
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts, I never sought their malice)
To quench mine honour! they would shame to make
me *

Wait

Wait else at door: a fellow-counsellor
 'Mong boys and grooms and lackeys! but their pleasures
 Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butts at a window above.

Butts. I'll shew your Grace the strangest sight —

King. What's that, *Butts*?

Butts. I think your Highness saw this many a day.

King. Body o' me: where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:

The high promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury*,
 Who holds his state at door 'mongst purveyants,
 Pages, and foot-boys.

King. Ha! 'tis he indeed.

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I thought
 They'd parted so much honesty among 'em,
 At least good manners, as not thus to suffer
 A man of his place and so near our favour
 To dance attendance on their lordships pleasures,
 And at the door too, like a post with packets.

By holy *Mary*, *Butts*, there's knavery;
 Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close,
 We shall hear more anon. —

S C E N E V.

A council table brought in with chairs and stools, and placed under the state. Enter Lord-chancellor, places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand. A seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, Duke of *Suffolk*, Duke of *Norfolk*, *Surrey*, Lord-chamberlain, and *Gardiner*, seat themselves in order on each side. *Cromwell* at the lower end, as Secretary.

Chan. Speak to the business, Mr. Secretary:
 Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your Honours,
 The cause concerns his Grace of *Canterbury*.

Gard. Has he knowledge of it?

Crom.

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gard. Yes.

Keep. My lord Arch-bishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

[Cranmer approaches the council table.]

Chan. My good lord Arch-bishop, I'm very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of frailty, few are angels; from which frailty
And want of wisdom, you that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd your self, and not a little:
Tow'r'd the King first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,
(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions
Divers and dang'rous, which are heresies;
And not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em
'Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easines) and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physick: and what follows then?
Commotions, up roar, with a gen'ral taint
Of the whole state: as of late days our neighbours
The upper Germany can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progres
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd
(And with no little study) that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords)

A man

A man that more detests, more stirs against
 (Both in his private conscience and his place)
 Defacers of the publick peace; than I do.
 Pray heav'n the King may never find a heart
 With less allegiance in it! Men that make
 Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
 Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships;
 That in this case of justice, my accusers,
 Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
 And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
 That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
 And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.

Gard. My lord, because we've business of more mo-
 ment,
 We will be short wi'you. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure,
 And our consent; for better tryal of you,
 From hence you be committed to the Tower,
 Where being but a private man again,
 You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
 More than I fear you are provided for.

Cran. Ay, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,
 You're always my good friend; if your will pass,
 I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
 You are so merciful. I see your end,
 'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,
 Become a church-man better than ambition;
 Win straying souls with modesty again,
 Cast none away. That I shall clear my self,
 (Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience)
 I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
 In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
 But rev'rence to your calling makes me modest.

Gard. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
 That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,
 To men that understand you, words and weaknes.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
 By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
 However faulty, yet should find respect
 For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
 To load a falling man.

Gard.

Gard. Good Mr. Secretary
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gard. Not sound, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest!

Mens prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gard. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Cham. This is too much;
Forbear for shame, my lords.

Gard. I've done.

Crom. And I.

Cham. Then thus for you, my lord: it stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to th' Tower a prisoner;
There to remain till the King's further pleasure
Be known unto us, Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to th' Tower, my lords?

Gard. What other
Would you expect? you're strangely troublesome:
Let some o'th' guard be ready there.

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor then?

Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i'th' Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, lords;
By virtue of that Ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the King my master

Cham.

Cham. This is the King's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis his right ring, by heav'n. I told ye all,
When we first put this dang'rous stone a rowling,
'Twould fall upon our selves.

Nor. D' you think, my lords,
The King will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain.
How much more is his life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye; now have at ye.

S C E N E VI.

Enter King frowning on them, takes his seat.

Gard. Dread Sov'reign, how much are we bound to
heav'n
In daily thanks, that gave us such a Prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that in all obedience makes the church
The chief aim of his honour, and to strengthen
That holy duty of our dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You're ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flatt'ries now; and in my presence
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach; you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.
But whatsoe'er thou tak'it me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.
Good man, sit down: now let me see the proudest

{ To Cran.
He

He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee.
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May 't please your Grace —

King. No, Sir, it does not please me.
I thought I had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title)
This honest man, wait like a lowfie foot-boy
At chamber door, and one as great as you are?
Why what a shame was this? did my commission
Bid ye so far forget your selves? I gave ye
Pow'r, as he was a counsellor, to try him,
Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye means;
Which ye shall never have, while I do live.

Cham. My most dread Sovereign, may it like your
Grace

To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather,
If there be faith in men, meant for his tryal,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I'm sure in me.

King. Well, well, my lords respect him:
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it,
I will say thus much for him, if a Prince
May be behoden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be friends for shame, my lords. My lord of Canterbury
I have a suit which you must not deny me.
There is a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour; how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoas;
you shall have

Two noble partners with you: the old Dutchesse
Of Norfolk, and the lady Marquess Dorset.—
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you
Embrace and love this man,

Gard. With a true heart
And brother's love I do it.

Cran. And let heav'n
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears shew thy true
heart;—
The common voice I fee is verify'd
Of thee, which says thus: do my lord of Canterbury
But one shrewd turn, and he's your friend for ever.
Come, lords, we trifle time away: I long
To have this young one made a christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain:
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [Exe.

SCENE VII.

Noise and tumult within: Enter Porter and his man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals; do
you take the court for Paris Garden? ye
rude slaves, leave your gaping.

Within. Good Mr. Porter, I belong to th' larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows and be hang'd, ye rogue;
is this a place to roar in? fetch me a dozen crab-tree
staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em:
I'll scratch your heads; you must be seeing christenings?
do you look for ale and cakes here? you rude rascals?

Man. Pray Sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible
(Unless we swept them from the door with cannons).

To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make them sleep

On May-day morning, which will never be:

We may as well push against Pauls, as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?
As much as one found cudgel of four foot

(You

King HENRY VIII.

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(You see the poor remainder) could distribute
I made no spare, Sir.

Port. You did nothing, Sir.

Man. I am not Sampson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colebrand, to mow 'em down before me; but if I spar'd any that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

Within. Do you hear, Mr. Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good Mr. Puppy. Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? is this *Morefields* to muster in? or have we some strange *Indian* with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? bless me! what a fry of fornication is at the door? on my christian conscience, this one christning will beget a thousand, here will be father, god-father, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, Sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brasier by his face, for o'my conscience twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance; that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there like a mortar-piece to blow us up. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that rail'd upon me 'till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a cumbustion in the state. I mist the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out Clubs, when I might see some forty truncheons draw to her succour, which were the hope of the strand where she was quarter'd. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to th' broom-staff with me, I defy'd 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em deliver'd such a shower of pibbles, loose shot, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work; the devil was amongst 'em, I think surely.

Port.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience but the tribulation of Tower-Hill or the limbs of Lime-house, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadle's that is to come.]

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me; what a multitude are here? They grow still too; from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair. Where are these porters. These lazy knayes? ye've made a fine hand, fellows, There's a trim rabble let in; are all these Your faithful friends o' th' suburbs? we shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from th' christning?

Port. Please your honour, We are but men, and what so many may do, Not being torn in pieces, we have done: An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live, If the King blame me for't, I'll lay ye all By th' heels, and suddenly; and on your heads Clap round fines for neglect: y're lazy knaves, And here ye lye baiting of bombards, when Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound, Th' are come already from the christening; Go break among the press, and find a way out To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the Princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your head ake.

Port. You i'th' camblet, get up o'th' rail, I'll peck you o'er the pales else.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter trumpets sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his Marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christning gifts; then four noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, god-mother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train born by a lady, then follows the marchioness of Dorset, the other god-mother, and ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heav'n, from thy endless goodness send long life,
And ever happy, to the high and mighty
Princes of England, fair Elizabeth.

Flourish. Enter King and Guards.

Cran. And to your royal Grace, and the good Queen
My noble partners and my self thus pray;
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
That heav'n e'er laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good lord Arch-bishop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord.
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee,
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossips, y' have been too prodigal,
I thank ye heartily: so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, Sir,
(For heav'n now bids me) and the words I utter,
Let none think flatt'ry, for they'll find 'em truth,
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,

Which

Which time will bring to ripeness, She shall be
 (But few now living can behold that goodness)
 A pattern to all Princes living with her,
 And all that shall succeed. *Sheba was never*
 More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,
 Than this blest soul shall be. All Princely graces
 That mould up such a mighty piece as this,
 With all the virtues that attend the good,
 Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse her:
 Holy and heav'ly thoughts still counsel her:
 She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall bless her;
 Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
 And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with
 her.

In her days ev'ry man shall eat in safety
 Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
 God shall be truly known, and those about her
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
 And claim by those their greatness, not by blood.
 Nor shall this peace sleep with her, but as when
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden Phænix,
 Her ashes new create another heir,
 As great in admiration as her self;
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
 (When heav'n shall call her from this cloud of darkness)
 Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
 Shall star-like rise, as great in frame as she was,
 And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, teravour,
 That were the servants to this chosen infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
 Where-ever the bright sun of heav'n shall shine,
 His honour and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flourish,
 And like a mountain cedar reach his branches
 To all the plains about him: children's children
 Shall see this, and bleſs heav'n.
King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be to the happiness of *England*,
 An aged Princess; many days shall see her,

And

And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more : but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her ; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lilly shall she pass
To th' ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O lord Arch-bishop,
Thou'ſt made me now a man ; never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing.
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That when I am in heav'n, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my maker.
I thank ye all — to you, my good Lord-mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholden:
I have receiv'd much honour by your prefence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords.
Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day no man think
H'as busines at his house, for all shall stay,
This little one shall make it holy-day.

[Exeunt.





E P I L O G U E.

TIS ten to one this play can never please
All that are here: some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those we fear
We've frightened with our trumpets: so 'tis clear
They'll say it's naught. Others, to hear the city
Abus'd extreamly, and to cry that, witty;
Which we have not done neither; that I fear
All the expected good w'are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
(For such a one we shew'd 'em) If they smile
And say 'twill do; I know within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.



